

FLING FESTIVAL

VOLUME 8  
ONE DOLLAR

# fling

SPECIAL  
HOLIDAY GIFT  
BONUS

FLING'S PULL-OUT  
CALENDAR  
OF HAREM-GIRL  
FAVORITES

1962  
HAREM-GIRL  
HOLIDAY

# festival



fling festival's 1962  
HAREM-GIRL  
HOLIDAY



Harem-Girl Calendar Mamie Van Doren

Julie London Bottoms Up! Barrie Shaw

Virginia Green Lori Walsh Karen Klaus

Diane Webber Jean Jani Donalda Jordan

Prediction of Flings To Come Paula Page

June Wilkinson The Bust of Margolis

Candy Barr Famous Flings of Last Year

FLING FESTIVAL

fling

SPECIAL  
HOLIDAY GIFT  
BONUS

FLING'S PULL-OUT  
CALENDAR  
OF HAREM-GIRL  
FAVORITES

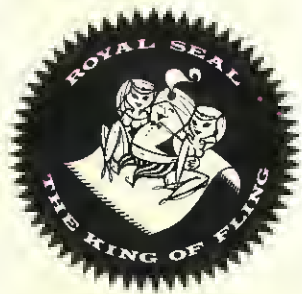
1962  
HAREM-GIRL  
HOLIDAY

VOLUME 8  
ONE DOLLAR



festival

fling festival's **1962**  
**HAREM-GIRL**  
**HOLIDAY**



**Harem-Girl Calendar** **Mamie Van Doren**

**Julie London** **Bottoms Up!** **Barrie Shaw**

**Virginia Green** **Lori Walsh** **Karen Klaus**

**Diane Webber** **Jean Jani** **Donalda Jordan**

**Prediction of Flings To Come** **Paula Page**

**June Wilkinson** **The Bust of Margolis**

**Candy Barr** **Famous Flings of Last Year**

VOLUME 8  
 ONE DOLLAR

fling

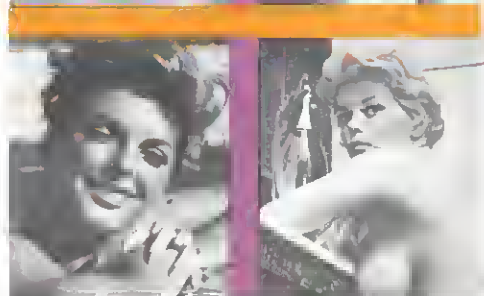
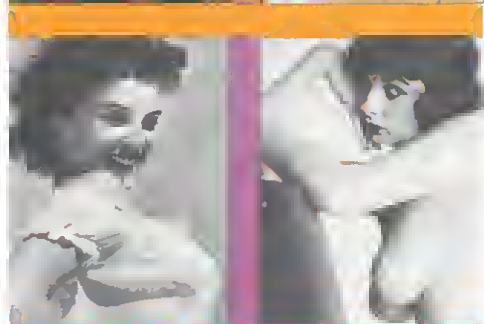
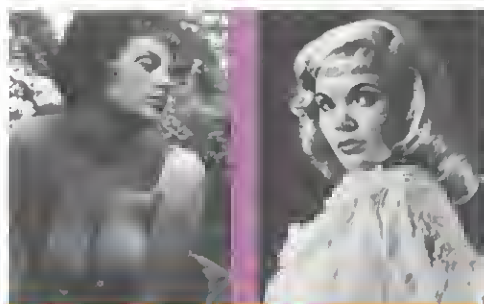
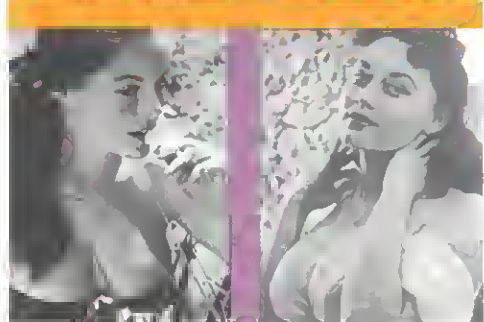
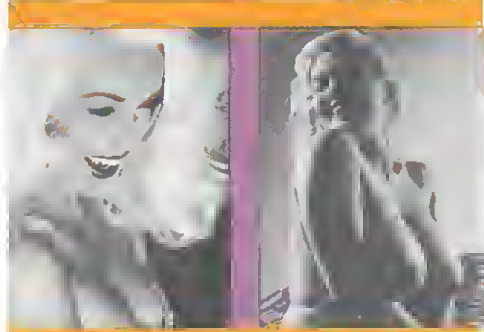
SPECIAL  
 HOLIDAY GIFT  
 BONUS

FLING'S PULL-OUT  
 CALENDAR  
 OF HAREM-GIRL  
 FAVORITES

**1962**  
**HAREM-GIRL**  
**HOLIDAY**



festival



1962

HAREM

GIRL HOLIDAY

JUNE IN JANUARY.....	4
SH-H-H-H-AW! .....	10
MOVIE MAMIE .....	14
HAT CHECK CHICK.....	18
PREDICTION OF FLINGS TO COME....	22
MAY FLOWER .....	24
MISS MAJOR HISTORY.....	28
THE BUST OF MARGOLIS.....	32
1962 HAREM-GIRL CALENDAR.....	34



SUNDAY PAINTER.....	48
FAMOUS FLINGS OF LAST YEAR.....	52
CANDY IS DANDY.....	54
THE BELLE IS RINGING.....	58
BOTTOMS UP!.....	64
LEGAL KLAUS .....	66
SING OR SWIM.....	70
SHOPPING FLING.....	74
HUCKSTER HONEY .....	75

FLING FESTIVAL is published quarterly by the Relim Publishing Co., Inc., 44 E. Superior Street, Chicago 11, Illinois. Printed in the U.S.A. Entire contents copyrighted 1961 by the Relim Publishing Co., Inc. Nothing may be reprinted in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between people and places in the articles or humorous features in this publication and any real people and places is coincidental. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, art work and photographs to insure their safe return, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited material.

VOLUME 8 — WINTER EDITION — 1961



# JUNE IN



*Time was, back in the good old days before television became the girl-watcher's happy hunting ground, when the path to stardom went something like this: A lithe, lovely girl would win a beauty contest at some rural fair and in the process wind up with a free, all-expenses-paid trip to Hollywood. Here, if she was lucky, she would catch the roving eye of an assistant casting director and with luck, there was a contract. Sooner or later, audiences in movie houses across the land would gape up at the silver screen and "voila," a new film queen was born. Nowadays, this is rarely the route to stardom except, perhaps, for a few of the wise starlets like Britain's June Wilkinson who believe that the good old tried-and-true way of doing things is the best after all.*

# JANUARY



## A STAR PERFORMS FOR UNSEEN AUDIENCE

Not yet a star of the magnitude of a Mansfield or Ekberg, nevertheless, June stands way out in front in the tape measure parade. And since she is a growing girl—just a shade past 20—the possibilities are almost too staggering for normal imagination.

Actually, June's introduction to these shores was not unheralded. About the time most girls were shopping around for their first bra, June was already rated

as one of the brightest lights in London's cabaret firmament. By the time she hit 18—and her chest reached 43—she was considered England's number one showgirl. With no more worlds to conquer in this area of show business, June decided to invade the movies, taking Hollywood

like Grant took Richmond.

With several movies to her credit, including "Thunder in the Sky," "Macumba Love," and "Career Girl," June is a step beyond the average starlet. Which is as it should be since a starlet, in show biz vernacular, is a beginner, an immature actress. One glance at Miss Wilkinson is enough to ascertain that there is nothing, no nothing, immature about our June in January.



PLAYING to imaginative audience, curves of voluptuous starlet are wasted on empty theater. June learned stage technique while starring as a featured act in London's famed Windmill theater.



LEAVING her North Hollywood apartment (left) for modelling assignment, car buff Barrie poses next to her Mercedes. A fashion model, she races cars on week ends.



# Sh-h-h-aw!



A noisy, new spirit is sweeping auto-happy America these days. It is the rage for sports cars—those light, small, fast vehicles that have struck the fancy of some very fancy Americans like Barrie Shaw. A comely miss who makes the lines of her Mercedes Benz seem as outdated as Henry's first model T Ford, Barrie considers her sports car a veritable necessity and she treats it with more tender loving care than most of her many beaux. While her slick Mercedes is a road rarity, its driver is the real traffic-stopper. If any chassis could out-class her classy four-wheeled buggy, it is the one that belongs to this Los Angeles angel herself. Certainly no sports car, no matter how racy and sleek its lines, could ever hope to compare with Barrie's perfect 36-22-35 design.



©. P. I. I.



*"I love anything outdoors. I'm mad about walking bare-footed in the grass. Is that so strange?"*



# MOVIE



ALL PUBLIC RELATIONS men for the motion picture industry sooner or later go kooky and have to be put away. This does not come from watching too many of their own glorious products: that would probably stave off the inevitable. It

comes, instead, from the seemingly hopeless task of trying to find new ways to describe the fabulous American institution known as the Hollywood Blonde. When golden-tressed Mamie Van Daren first came on the scene in movieland, the old clichés reserved for such stalwarts as Lana Turner, Marilyn Monroe, Jayne Mansfield, et al., were dusted off and flashed to an eager public. Try as they might, the movie hucksters could not find new nomenclature for Mamie, so they went to the tried and true appellation of "blonde bombshell" and a more apt accolade is not to be found.

FLING—determined to find out what all the shouting was about—decided to survey this film phenomenon. We discovered, strangely enough, that rumor had it that Mamie off screen was not the flashing femme she was on. Her detractors claimed that, like a dozen other screen hoppers who looked like Cleopatra on the screen and like Gorgeous George on the street, Mamie was not all the camera depicted. But off screen, as well as on, our researcher insists Mamie happily looks like Mamie and this means sizzling CinemaScope.

# MAMIE

GENERALLY recognized as a movie sex symbol, which is one claim to immortality, Momie nevertheless wants to be reclassified. Tired of Grade B sex in her reel life, she figures she now has enough film experience to reach for a higher plateau. Unlike most leg- and bosom-boring film femmes, whose only acting credits are baby roles in Daddy's home movies, Momie has had 12 roles in Hollywood productions including "Beat Generation," with Steve Cochran; "The Big Operator,"

with Mickey Rooney; "Girls' Town," with Mel Tormé; and "Guns, Girls, and Gangsters," with Gerald Mohr. Based on this experience, Momie seems ready for bigger and better things. As for her other requisites, even a nearsighted casting director can see that there are few bigger and better dishes.

When not making films, Momie is making the night-club circuit with a song-and-dance act in which she is supported by two talented gents named Guy Chondler and Don

Crowford. They do all of the singing and dancing while Momie's major contribution is to stroll across the stage in an eye- and breath-stopping dress.

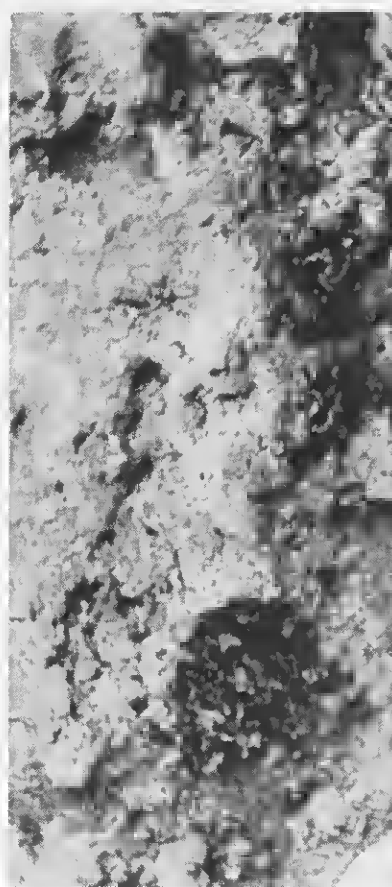
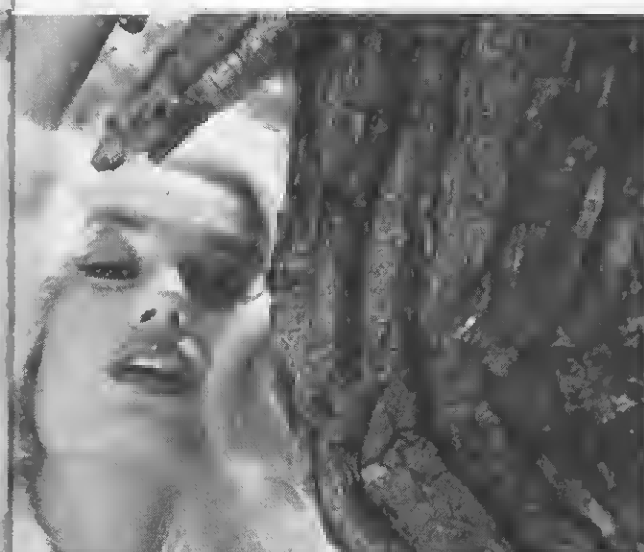
She opens the show with a rather risqué parody on "It Ain't Necessarily So" that goes something like this: "The stories that pour in 'Bout Momie Von Doren,

They ain't necessarily so."

Maybe not, but those stories make interesting speculation — even in Hollywood's make-believe world.



*Mamie's  
the most - on screen,  
off screen*



*"Trees excite me  
terribly. They give me a  
feeling of strength  
and freedom."*

PAULA, however, is no ordinary hat check chick. She would like very much to be a night-club entertainer. That is not news, but it is news when girls who look like Paula want to be comediennes, not dramatic actresses. Paula started her professional career as a figure model, and despite the fact that the money was good, the hours short and the wardrobe expenditures negligible, she decided to go into show business. She took the hat checking job to be at the right place, at the right time, for the right people to "discover" her. If this eventuality should happen, it is difficult to imagine anyone laughing at her—the only reasonable expression is a long, long stare.



*hats off to  
London's Paula Page*



# MAY FLOWER



By vocation, Diane Weber is undoubtedly the most famous model in the realm of figure photography. By advocacy, however, she is a sun-loving miss who never misses an opportunity to get out into the great out-of-doors and let her hair down or take her clothes off as well. While this is an excellent way to know about the birds and bees firsthand, it is not the real reason why Diane takes to the woods. Miss Weber, as you see, is an honest-to-suntan lotion nudist and a girl who obviously has nothing to hide.



Long before her chestnut colored tresses and regal curves elevated her to the enviable position of one of the nation's foremost figure models, a very select, and highly privileged, group of American sun worshippers managed to be around whenever Diane uncovered her charms in Nature's own surroundings. Clothes, they say, make the man, but in Diane's case, it is the lack of the same which made her. Fleeing from the asphalt jungle around her home base of Los Angeles whenever she can, Diane heads for the wide open spaces. A staunch believer in the benefits of living "au naturel" with her fellowmen-or women, as the case may be Diane's convictions are thoroughly sincere. While most female nudists are muscular Amazons who could best Hercules at Indian wrestling, Diane is a rare May flower indeed—a striking endorsement for sweet-smelling "altogetherness".



*she's America's  
best undressed woman*





# miss. major history

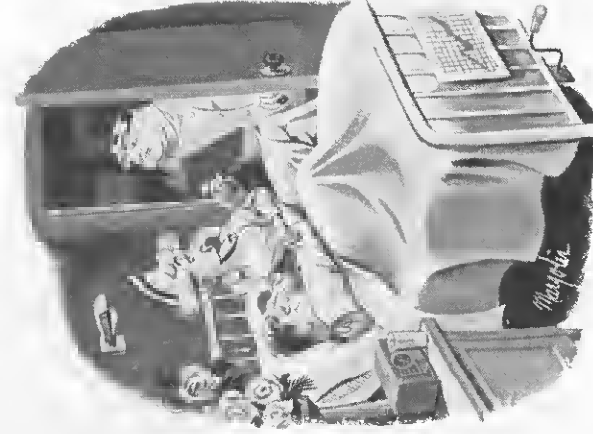


Los Angeles, the City of the Angels, has a whole catalogue of gifts it has bestowed on the

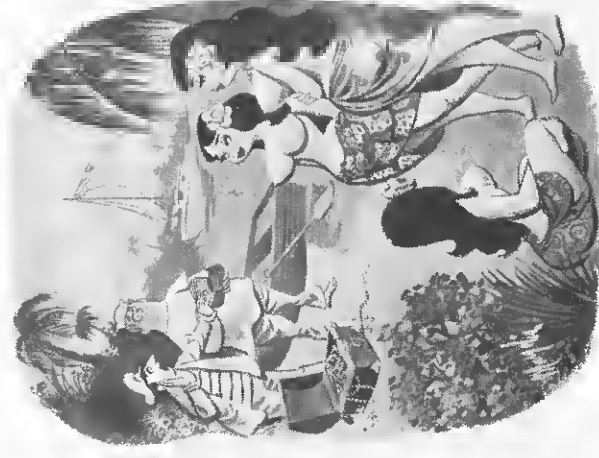
rest of the world—smog, Disneyland, Cinemascope, Sam Goldwyn—to say nothing of Marilyn Monroe, Marlon Brando and Mickey Mouse. It is also renowned as the roosting place for hordes of lovely young chicks seeking film fame. So it is surprising to discover an exception in this city that celluloid built. Neither fame nor fortune drew June's Harem-Girl, Donald Jordan to the film capital of the world—it was the search for education. Her sole interest in this movieland of make-believe is an oasis of granite known as UCLA. This institution of fine academic reputation also houses a charming coed named Donald.



"I simply don't know what come over me?"



"He's fighting it off just beautifully, doctor."



"Hold it! Let's try the beads, first!"



## the bust of

## Margolis

NOWHERE IN DON MARGOLIS' WORK will you find the tired clichés of cartoonland: people on desert islands, the Persian with his Aladdin's lamp, the Hindu an a bed of nails or the African white hunter in a cannibal's boiling pot. Not one for trite situations or hackneyed circumstances, Chicaguan Margolis, a perennial FLING favorite, is certainly one of the freshest talents around. Even so, he has one stereotyped characteristic that prevails in all of his works — he is obsessed with drawing top-heavy chicks who are so raund, sa firm and oh, sa fully pocked. There is nothing stereotyped about Dan's lough-provoking technique, however, and just a small dose of the precious medicine contained within his work is sufficient to make you healthier and happier than all the miracle drugs (extro dry martinis included). Here is the best from his treasure chest of rollicking revelry — it's lusty, gussy and, as we said before, it's busty. The Margolis humor, is brood, but so are his cartoon-cuties.



"She must be new here. She likes the big ones with the high, squeaky voices."



"My husband accuses me of being a terrible flirt!"

FLING'S SPECIAL PULL-OUT CALENDAR OF HAREM-GIRL FAVORITES



1962

HAREM-GIRL  
CALENDAR

# 1962

FLING'S SPECIAL PULL-OUT CALENDAR OF HAREM-GIRL FAVORITES

# HAREM-GIRL CALENDAR

© 1962, Keelin Publishing Co., Inc.



JANUARY						
S	M	T	W	T	F	S
7	1	2	3	4	5	6
14	8	9	10	11	12	13
21	15	16	17	18	19	20
28	22	23	24	25	26	27
29	30	31				



# SUNDAY PAINTER



ENTERING Village of Shere, Virginia looks for picturesque spot to begin painting.



When one thinks of a woman in the arts, it is usually of someone aesthetic and aloof who produces delicate works—a fragile soprano, a lithe ballerina, an artist of folksy rural scenes like Grandma Moses. There have been some exceptions to the rule — fiery Maria Callas, temperamental Anna Pavlova, and

hot-blooded George Sand. And painting, too, has its exception: England's Virginia Green, a student of art who is as unlike Grandma Moses as an extra dry martini.

Although a neophyte in the palette and brush realm, Virginia is nonetheless a serious student. Each Sunday, she can be found in the sleepy English villages looking for scenic subjects to capture on canvas. Paradoxically, she happens to be as pretty as a picture herself.



CONFUSING signpost (above) makes Virginio smile. In village (below), she admires old house.





PAINTING her face (above) as pretty a subject as ever drawn by Rubens, Virginia—wha likes ta sunbathe while warking—uncavars fabulaus farm (below) before painting.

APPLYING ails ta brush, Virginia skillfully captures scene.



ACTUALLY, Virginia, who is a salesgirl in one of London's more exclusive fashion salons during her work week, is only in the still-life and prosaic landscape stages. She hopes to eventually specialize in three fields into which women artists rarely venture — seascapes, horses, and the female nude. Not the demure, cloak-shrouded figures so popular in contemporary art, but full-figured, Botticelli-type nudes; in fact, something like herself, you might say.

Virginia's parental training, (her father was a sign painter with a proclivity for Rembrandt) had early instilled a love of art in her. She showed special aptitude for drawing in school and afterward she decided to continue on her own. Like most self-trained artists, she is a little temperamental — a totally independent firebrand with an insatiable infatuation for creative endeavors and an affinity for doing things her own sweet way.

As a result, she gets up by herself every Sunday to practice her painting without the unwanted advice of instructors who have more interest in the painter than the painting.

Her favorite retreat is the quiet little village of Shere in the county of Sussex about 30 miles from London. Here, when the heat of the midday sun—in which only mad dogs and Englishmen go out into—becomes unbearable, Virginia heads for the picturesque woods to paint. But even that is often warm work and she devotes the rest of

the day combining business (painting) with pleasure (sunbathing) and the result, you must admit, is a delightful departure from the accepted "artist at work" theme.

Combining sunbathing with painting, however, is something that Virginia regretfully has discovered has its limitations—it can only be done in a secluded woody retreat. She would like to paint St. Paul's Cathedral or Westminster Abbey, but this could hardly be accomplished by a nude painter. If Virginia does manage it, however, it's guaranteed to be a "jolly good show."



*an artist  
with  
her own  
lovely  
landscape*

# FAMOUS FLINGS OF LAST YEAR



**JANUARY** CELEBRATING President Kennedy's victory, Frank Sinatra's Hollywood-styled gala on Inaugural Eve in Washington, D. C., was a happy affair for the Democratic Party's coffers. The show made a mint: nearly \$1,400,00—and it all went to help the Democratic cause. The President and his Lady, and thousands of V.I.P.s watched Leonard Bernstein, Ethel Merman, Milton Berle, Nat "King" Cole, Jimmy Durante and a squad of other talented people perform, including brother-in-law-actor Peter Lawford.

**FEBRUARY** PEELING off some of their clothes and more of their inhibitions, perfectly respectable Brazilian wives and mothers became, during Rio De Janeiro's four-day pre-Lenten carnival, the houris of their innermost dreams. By the end of the carnival, police records showed 6,995 people reporting to the hospitals for bruises and cuts; 13 murders were committed; three suicides; 477 fights; and 87 assaults. Most others reported a real fine time.

**MARCH** PREPARING to depart from the island of Tahiti after completing filming of "Mutiny on the Bounty," Marlon Brando and several of his buddies decided to celebrate at a beach cafe. Some U. S. and British sailors unwisely made a few cracks about Marlon and a raging fist fight broke out. Not only were the sailors whipped, but one of the waiters who tried to stop the free-for-all was flung through a plate glass window. Despite some bruises, Brando and party reported to work early the next morning.

**APRIL** PARADING before TV cameras, a bunch of pretty people introduced other pretty people in the annual Academy Award soiree. Liz Taylor, beautifully ghastly after her siege of pneumonia, capped the evening by staggering gracefully onstage to accept her Best Actress award for "Butterfield 8." Later, at a post Oscar ball, where all the winners stood around accepting all the accolades, Liz thoughtfully assessed "Butterfield 8" by saying, "I still think it's obscene."

**MAY** HANGING motionless for a heart-stopping moment, the tall, slim rocket finally climbed into the sky, screaming into space from the sands of Florida's Cape Canaveral. Riding the long white missile in one of the furthest flings in history was Navy Commander Alan B. Shepard, Jr., the United States' first astronaut. Fifteen minutes later, Shepard landed safely in his space capsule, 302 miles downrange. He traveled 4,500 miles per hour and some 115 miles up in the sky. No flying-saucers were sighted during trip.

**JUNE** FINDING hubby Louis Prima with one of the chorus girls from the Latin Casino line in a car in the parking lot of this Camden, N. J., night spot, Keely Smith walked out on him and their act before their engagement was due to close. She flew back to Hollywood to consult lawyer Greg Bautzer about a divorce. But business before pleasure—she still plans to appear with Louis in the act to fill current commitments. They could always toast each other with that new drink called "Marriage-on-the-rocks."

**JULY** SITTING at a party during a trip to Memphis, Tenn., Elvis Presley noticed a young Jimmy Dean type abusing a pretty 20-year-old starlet. When he slapped the girl, Elvis leaped to the girl's defense only to have the young actor take a swing at him. But the punch never landed, because Elvis—who is quite adept at karate—tossed the guy on his ear. Two days later, Elvis was hit with a \$50,000 suit by the Dean-type. What hurt worse was the fact that the chief witness against Elvis was—the pretty starlet herself.

**AUGUST** FILMING "Private Life" in Spoleto, Italy, Brigitte Bardot was busily posed by cameramen wherever she went. But it was too serene to be true. Eventually, Brigitte tongled with the lensmen when one of them jumped onto a lakeside platform for a close-up of the actress sunning in a bikini. A report that Brigitte emerged from the fracas was a little exaggerated; what happened was that one of the photographers landed a couple of kicks on Bardot's famed French derriere. Heavy make-up covered Bardot's bruises when she went before cameras.

**SEPTEMBER** HEADING for Sardinia in Karim, the Ago Khan's 15-ton cruiser, Taara, the Aga and his pert French-bred girl friend Anouchka von Meks saw their romance go temporarily on the rocks, as they suddenly found themselves lodged high and dry on a well-marked reef near Corsica's Gulf of Ajaccio. After the yacht was repaired, the spiritual leader of 20 million Ismailian Moslems and his 19-year old traveling companion decided that Sardinia was too hard to reach and throttled off into more familiar Mediterranean waters.

**OCTOBER** PROMISING to do for Barbara Nichols what "Will Success Spoil Rock Hunter?" did for Jayne Mansfield, "Let It Ride" opened at the Eugene O'Neill Theatre before a star-spangled audience. Both Big Business and Madison Avenue get a swift kick in their gray-flannel pants in this new musical based on the 1935 comedy, "Three Men on A Horse." Starring "Lonesome" George Gobel, Sam Levine and the bountiful Barbara in an appropriately tight-fitting wardrobe, it is touted by first-nighters to be just as fair as "My Fair Lady."

**NOVEMBER** DIVING into the blue waters off Bonaire Island in the Caribbean, the snorkel-and-scuba set found the wintery month of November no deterrent to the enjoyment of their aquanatty pastime. The rediscovery of the Gulf and the Caribbean, the spear-fishing sites on Trinidad and Tobago, and the azure waters around Cozumel Island, off the Yucatan Peninsula brought on an exodus of snowbound Northern skindivers for fun and frolic in these watery wonderlands.

**DECEMBER** COMING but once a year, Christmas brings considerable cheer—bottled or otherwise. It is the season to be jolly, for many reasons, not the least of which are the eye-filling and dress-popping parade of pulchritude in this issue of FLING FESTIVAL. Filling stockings, sweaters, and bras as they should be filled, FLING's femmes are the nicest things to have happened to the Yuletide season since the invention of mistletoe.

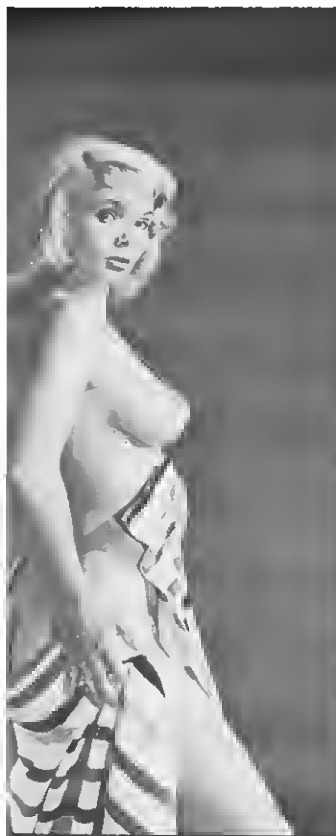
CANDY  
BARR

Harem-Girl for  
AUGUST

The annals of burlesque are filled with tales of "top bananas" who have moved on to better, or at least, more socially accepted endeavors. Comics, like Phil Silvers, have cleaned up their jokes and graduated to television. Others, like Gypsy Rose Lee, have hung up their G strings and become authors. But there will be no switcheroo for Candy Barr. Dandy Candy says that she will remain true to the strip-ping art until men tire of seeing a well-filled frame moved to the maximum with a minimum of frills. As everyone knows, this will probably never be.

## Candy is Dandy





ly appearing in Los  
where sex is made  
oid and where cheese-  
ts more attention in a  
han on stage, Candy,  
less, is drawing big  
On the runways from  
eans to L.A., she has  
ed up audiences with  
'em, sock 'em style  
ay she ranks as "top  
on the stripping cir-  
m where we sit, Candy  
dandy.



*a top banana that peels*





# THE BELLE IS RINGING



When Judy Holliday portrayed the role of a telephone answering service girl in *Bells Are Ringing*, she added considerable stature to that ring-a-ding vocation—not that anyone who looks like Harem-Girl Jean Jani needs any additional stature. A former airline stewardess who now has her feet planted firmly on terra firma and her pretty ear tuned to a telephone receiver, Jean gave up the wild blue yonder some time ago when she discovered that airline passengers, particularly the male variety, considered her more anatomic than aeronautic.



The proprietor of a successful telephone answering service in her hometown of L.A., Jean runs her workaday world with a sharp mind that belies her soft curves. And, as the nicest innovation to the realm of electronics since Alexander Graham Bell invented

woman's best friend, Jean has a voice that makes listeners' temperatures soar like AT&T stock in a bull market. Many of her customers, enchanted by her voice, often forget whom they are calling. Needless to say, they are also impressed by her formula for success.



*Jean's a ring-a-ding doll*



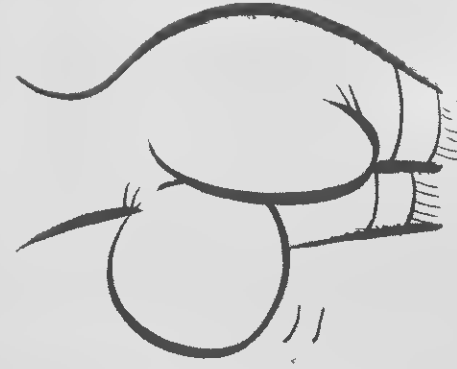


Although Jean numbers among her clients many of Hollywood's brightest luminaries, she has no aspirations for a show biz career. She stretches to be rather prosaic—if you can call any gal who stretches a cashmere to an eye-popping 38 inches prosaic. Unfortunately, no one has ever made a connection—with the operator, that is.



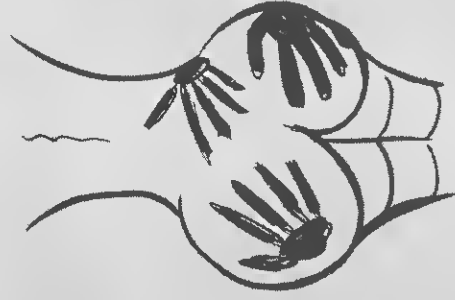
# BOTTOMS

## up!

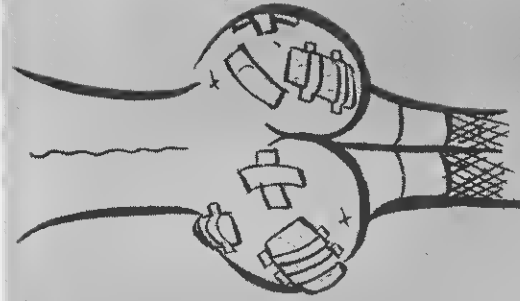


YOU HAVE A STYLISH  
ONE-SIDED DROOP THAT  
DRIVES MEN CRAZY

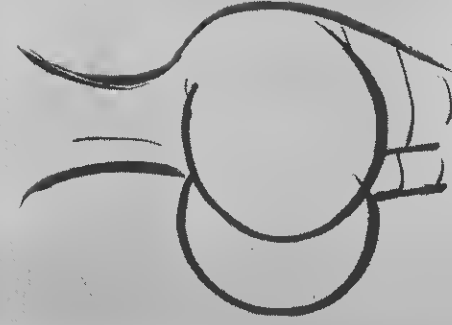
IN THIS DAY of psychiatry and the analyst's couch, a torrent of words have flown from the learned pens of know-it-all males who boast that they know all about women. Some say you need only to gaze into the limpid pools of a woman's eyes and her life is an open book. Others claim that it is her handwriting that tells all; while still another coterie maintains that the way a woman parts her hair is most revealing. But Charles Dennis, a talented cartoonist and psychiatrist—without-portfolio unequivocally adheres to the school of thought that the shape of a woman's past, present, and future is more readily apparent in the shape of her, if you'll excuse the French expression, *dierrere*. Needless to say, Dennis' analytical critique is quite the livin' end.



YOU HAVE BEEN IN A  
CROWDED ELEVATOR



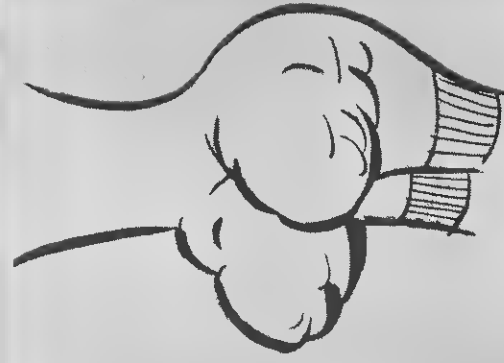
YOU HAVE SUFFERED  
GREATLY



YOU HAVE WATCHED  
TOO MUCH TV



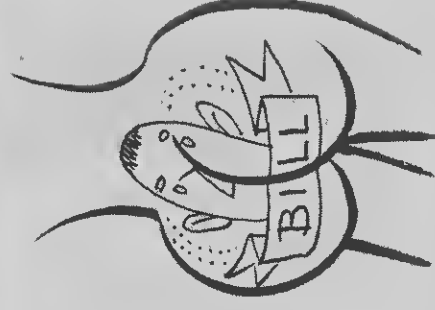
YOU ARE A  
UTILITARIAN



YOU NEED A NEW  
CHAIR



YOU HAVE A SAUCY,  
UP-LIFTING OUTLOOK  
ON LIFE



YOU HAVE LOVED  
AND LOST



Remember when private secretaries were the prim, unsophisticated butt of a thousand office jokes? Times—and also jokes—change.

In the past few decades, vast and vital changes have come to the business world and most of the old clichés have gone the way of the outdoor privy. Nowadays, a man's secretary is almost as important as his wife—moreso, if she looks anything like Karen Klaus. Miss Klaus, as she is known in the 9-to-5 world, is a private secretary to a New York Corporation lawyer. Note the word "private." This is what sets her apart from a million ordinary secretaries. She has a number of other qualifications that set her still further apart, but these, are more apparent.



# Legal Klaus





As efficient as she is attractive, Karen is much more than an automatic office machine. She is a veritable whiz at shorthand, a speedster on the typewriter keys, and obviously she is as decorative a piece of equipment as any office could hope for.

Although she is not automatic, Karen is anatomic and with four years of business school training, she is adept with figures—her own included. Her employer, however, has one complaint. Friends, employees, salesmen, and clients seem to prefer waiting in the anteroom, which sometime creates wild traffic jams.

In the modern office, the variety of wolf species do their hunting during office hours and employ various methods and disguises. But Karen is well aware of their modus operandi and capably curbs the predatory males who happen in. Some of them, understandably, are looking for legal advice from Karen's lawyer boss, but for the most part, many of them are just looking at Karen. Anyway there's still no law against that.



# SING or SWIM



RED HOT SINGER, Julie London enjoys swim in her cool-pool. When not making personal appearances, films or records, Julie prefers quiet of modern outdoor living.



IF the lady making like Esther Williams looks familiar, it is probably because you have seen her many times sensuously smoking a cigarette on TV and telling the world that it gets a lot to like from her brand. But Julie London's claim to immortality is not all a smoke dream—she is one of the nation's top recording stars and her sexy record album covers have established Julie as standard wall decoration in almost every fraternity house in the land.

Nevertheless, Julie would rather

swim than sing for her supper. On dry land, she is more than just another pretty girl belting out a song. But put her in, on, or under water and she is a veritable mermaid—with one noticeable exception. Julie has two very shapely legs instead of the traditional fishy tail.

An aquatic enthusiast since the days she began taking shape near the beaches of Santa Rosa, California, both of Julie's parents were singers in vaudeville—which explains to some extent where she got her golden voice. By the time she was 15, she was already the bikini'd belle of the Santa Rosa beaches, despite the fact that there



REHEARSING AT HOME (below), Julie's husband Bobby Troup accompanies her on piano. Julie relaxes in old fashioned night dress (right) to put necessary mood into song.



PLAYING IN POOL (below), Julie spends carefree afternoon with her daughters at Hollywood home.



were more goodlooking gals parading up and down the sands than in the slave market scene in a Cecil B. De Mille epic.

Before she was out of her teens, Julie quit school to seek capricious fame and fortune. She took a job running an elevator in a department store where, according to the publicity releases, she was discovered by Sue Carol, Alan Ladd's wife and a top actors' agent. This was followed by some memorable roles in such forgettable films as *The Red House*, *The Fat Man*, *Task Force*, and *Tap Roots*. Then she met Jack Webb, a struggling radio announcer in San Francisco. After a whirlwind courtship, they were married and lived stormily thereafter. During the course of their marriage, Julie gave birth to two daughters and Webb gave birth to his now-famous *Dragnet* TV show. He began devoting more time to video cops and robbers, alcoholics and dope peddlers. But

the biggest dope of all was Webb, who let Julie divorce him.

After a few years of going-it-alone, Julie met Bobby Troup, the composer-musician who was later to become her husband, at a party. Someone started to play the piano and Julie started to sing. Bobby, in the show biz vernacular, flipped. He spent the rest of the evening trying to convince her to sing professionally. It took him a year to talk her into the spotlight and when she took the plunge, the customers went wild over her distinctive brand of warbling. Disc jockeys were soon playing her records constantly and her throaty rendition of "Cry Me A River" practically overnight made her the country's newest singing sensation.

Her first record album, besides catching the public's ear, also opened its eyes-wide. Her photo on the album jacket, showing more cleavage than care, literally scorched everyone who saw it, in-

cluding hard-to-impress movie producers. As a result, she was offered the role of the drunken mistress of Jose Ferrer in *The Great Man*. She exuded so much sex appeal that she was quickly cast as the torrid temptress in *Man of the West* opposite Cary Cooper. In this film, in a clever bit to beat the censors, she was forced to do a strip tease by the "bad guys" who stood by leering while she unveiled her luscious curves. And once again, in *Night of the Quarter Moon*, her fabulous figure caused more dry throats in theaters than over-salted popcorn.

Today, Julie London is riding high, wide, and handsome. She is swinging in three media: TV, movies, and records. But, best of all, it has enabled her to live the life most people only dream of—complete with backyard swimming pool. Nowadays, Julie hardly needs anyone to cry her a river for her to swim in.



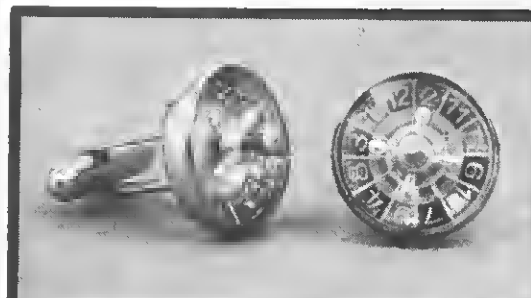
*Julie would rather swim than sing*



# SHOPPING the guided shopping tour FLING

**'ROUND THE  
WORLD WATCH**  
Find the time  
anywhere on  
earth. Intriguing  
Endura Navigator  
is equipped to  
to pinpoint time  
around globe. A  
handsome watch  
for the manly  
wrist, it has mov-  
ing rim and syn-  
chronized 24-hour  
track. With lumi-  
nous dial. \$14.95

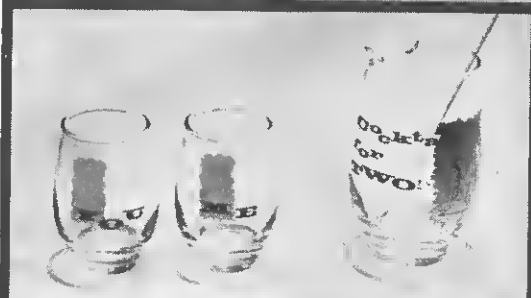
**POCKET  
ORGANIZER**  
For the man on  
the go. Made of  
finest imported  
Morocco with 16  
transparent pock-  
ets for credit  
cards, pictures;  
two full pockets;  
one for Diners  
Club card. With  
perforated pad.  
Size: 4"x5 1/2". In  
black or brown.  
\$1.95



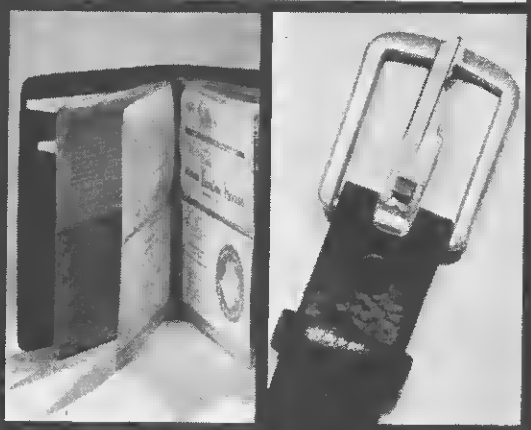
**GAMBLER'S  
CUFFLINKS**  
You'll have that  
Las Vegas look  
with these ac-  
curately scaled,  
working roulette  
wheels set in  
gold-plated case.  
A new idea in  
masculine jewelry.  
Exciting way to  
see who picks up  
check. \$6.95



**BOTTLED BUTTS**  
Pour your guests  
a "butt" from this  
simulated Hen-  
nessy liquor de-  
cancer. Cigarettes  
spring up at  
touch. Holds 30  
cigarettes and  
cork is fine ac-  
tion lighter. Plays  
"Smoke Gets in  
Your Eyes".  
\$12.95



**COCKTAILS  
FOR TWO**  
Ideal for the man  
who likes the in-  
timate touch—a  
set of his and  
hers cocktail  
glasses. Set in-  
cludes 16-ounce  
crystal server and  
two 6-ounce crys-  
tal glasses. Avail-  
able with cus-  
tomer imprint.  
\$2.95



**CAR KEY BELT**  
Lose your car key  
often? Just keep  
your pants on and  
you'll be safe.  
Buckle is finished  
in nickel-plated  
steel on fine top-  
grain leather.  
Sizes: 30 thru 44.  
Black or brown.  
For GM, Ford,  
Chrysler cars.  
\$4.95



IF THE FIGURE—and the face—is familiar, it's because Lori Walsh is no Janie-Come-Lately to the FLING scene. Displaying, among other things, more décolletage than dignity in past issues, Lori stirred up considerable interest. Following numerous requests to see more of Lori, a FLING photographer was dispatched to find her. He discovered her, of all places, in an advertising agency. Lori, it seems, is now a fashion copywriter, a perfectly natural evolution from her past vocation as one of the fashion world's most fashionable figures.

## huckster honey

To order — just check gifts  
you select and mail coupon  
with your check or money  
order to: SHOPPING  
FLING, 44 E. Superior  
Street, Chicago 11, Illinois.  
(No C.O.D.'s)

### PLEASE SEND ME THE FOLLOWING GIFTS:

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| <input type="checkbox"/> POCKET ORGANIZER       | <input type="checkbox"/> CAR KEY BELT        |
| <input type="checkbox"/> COCKTAILS FOR TWO      | <input type="checkbox"/> GAMBLER'S CUFFLINKS |
| <input type="checkbox"/> 'ROUND THE WORLD WATCH | <input type="checkbox"/> BOTTLED BUTTS       |

NAME \_\_\_\_\_

ADDRESS \_\_\_\_\_

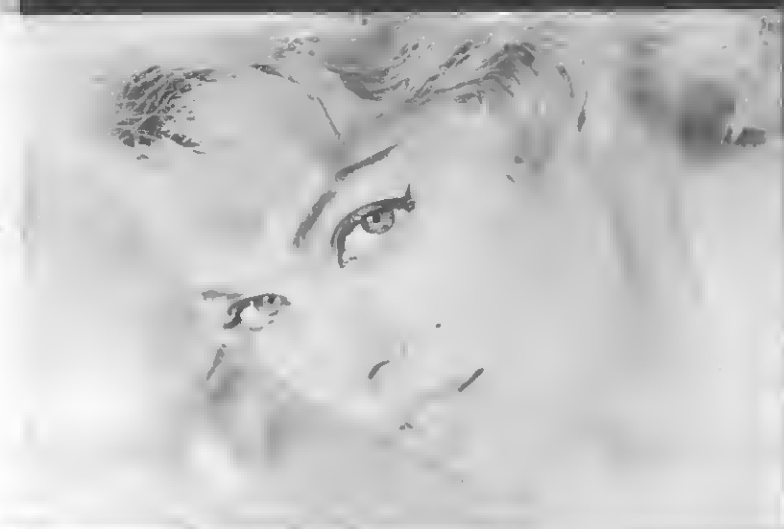
CITY \_\_\_\_\_ ZONE \_\_\_\_\_

STATE \_\_\_\_\_

*Lori's her own  
best  
advertisement!*



WHEN Lori was traveling from Dior to Dior in New York's world of fashion, hucksters considered their best salesman to be a pretty girl. Then the trend changed to men—often the rugged, outdoor kind with tattoos on their arms and eye patches, while the pretty young miss, like Lori, only supplied the hand that held the match.





NEVER one to buck a trend, Lori shifted gears and, being witty and wise as well as pretty and photogenic, she became a fashion copywriter. No longer concerned with modelling wardrobes of modern feminine modes, Lori nonetheless is still her own best advertisement. And like the hucksters are apt to say over their very dry martinis—"it's what's up front that counts."



fling festival's 1962  
HAREM-GIRL  
HOLIDAY



Harem-Girl Calendar Mamie Van Doren

Julie London Bottoms Up! Barrie Shaw

Virginia Green Lori Walsh Karen Klaus

Diane Webber Jean Jani Donaldda Jordan

Prediction of Flings To Come Paula Page

June Wilkinson The Bust of Margolis

Candy Barr Famous Flings of Last Year